

December 2007

Streets of Gold

Walter Casper IV
St. John Fisher College

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Recommended Citation

Casper, Walter IV (2007) "Streets of Gold," *Verbum*: Vol. 5 : Iss. 1 , Article 25.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/verbum/vol5/iss1/25>

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Streets of Gold

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Waking up morning after morning since then becomes somewhat of a depressing ritual. Showering then dressing, filling that sorry feeling in my stomach. There was still a void though; as there had been for the past eight months now. I still felt lost and helpless."

Brief Essay



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Streets of Gold

Waking up morning after morning since then becomes somewhat of a depressing ritual. Showering then dressing, filling that sorry feeling in my stomach. There was still a void though; as there had been for the past eight months now. I still felt lost and helpless.

Why her, why not me? I was hurt, but more so damaged by the loss. The paramedics worked their magic, but to no avail. The semi had hit right where she was sitting; there was nothing they could do. Thankfully for the sake of them, we had not yet had children; a child without a mother is nothing.

It's been almost ten years now. Still I cannot move myself past that day. There have been others, but no one could come close like she did to me. I live my life day in, day out, friends and family by my side. They all say the grief still rests behind my eyes.

Although I have never flirted with death itself, I always feel that urge to wonder what it will be like when we meet again. Will it be like when we first met, a flood of uncontrollable emotions, butterflies in the stomach, anxious to know her? Or will it be a joyous time filled with sadness that we both have now passed on? I always wonder with anticipation, and as much as I would like that time to come, I cannot wish my life away. Friends always ask how I have made it this far without her. I have because of her; she would want me to.

Death. With it comes heaping sorrow; an afterlife with rejoicing happiness. My dreams and thoughts are filled with ideas about the day. It could be a place which only we know, a place for us. That city, the New Jerusalem became my new dream. Thoughts of the new life after death fill my mind. She could be dancing, waiting for me

to join her in this blissful land. I never got to say goodbye. Goodbyes are forever, and I knew that there would be another time.

So vicious and destroying is that cancerous cell. It kills without knowing what it's killing. It devours life with simple movements, there is no stopping that creature. Most people would fight that venomous beast, battle it until they had claimed defeat. I was not most people. I knew what laid ahead for me, and there wasn't much I was leaving behind.

Some people choose to fight until they have won, and after suffering live a free life. Some choose to accept the circumstance and live a new life after death. I chose the latter. I was not that Lance Armstrong, I was a different breed. I, unlike most people, knew that I had something and someone waiting for me when I ended my life on earth.

The doctors stood with undistinguishable looks upon their faces. I had told them my choice. They had persuaded me otherwise with optional chemotherapy or one in a million chance cures. This is nothing I would want to take part in. They kept telling me it was curable, I would not accept.

I did not look at death as they did. For a while I was scared. Knowing Jesus was in my life changed that. He was given a sentence of death and freely accepted it so that we could go to heaven and have our life after death. I too was given that verdict and that is why I chose to accept. I knew what He had promised. I knew she would be there waiting to greet me, and He to welcome me home.

It was that day, the last; there would be a new tomorrow. With the doctors standing over me they were bewildered. But, I think more amazed that somebody could have this much trust and assurance. There was no turning back now; I knew what I wanted and where I was going.

That last battle, last fight, and last stand. I felt that last blow, the hardest bite, and the strongest hit. It took me, deep, I was gone. There was victory for it, I did not claim defeat, I rejoiced.

Sudden relaxation; like a rag doll, I felt nothing. Lightweight, pain free, confused, but I was relieved. That breakdown left me lying helpless. But I wasn't, I was comfortable and secure. The first time since she has been gone. I was with strangers, but somehow I was alright.

Everyone has been waiting for my arrival, as have I. This should feel weird and awkward, right? The opposite is true. Somehow there is peace, I am calm. There are no dancing fairies surrounding me and I am not dressed in a toga or robes, but I have on a fine suit for this dinner party occasion. There are a lot of us, everyone who has passed on this day. All of us are together, sitting. No one is talking, we don't need to, we are content. This lounge is better than any five star hotel I have ever been in. The hosts seem to outnumber the guests and the food and drink are first class.

Relaxing, I listen to the wood crackle, watching it burn away amongst the flames. For the first time since I have been here, I begin to wonder what lies ahead for my future. Where is the rest of this great city and what will I do next? I start to get up but am immediately stopped by a waitress who tells me that I need not strain myself, anything I need will be given. We exchange a few words; after I tell her what I have been thinking about, immediately the room transforms, I am the only one left.

A man enters and sits next to me. He greets me with the warmest welcome. He does not introduce Himself. He is greater than any celebrity, more important than any

world figure, the most important leader; there is no need to. This emotion is the strongest and deepest I have ever felt. I am not nervous, but comforted and extremely eager.

We talk, but at first the words are few, I don't really know how to approach this man. I think, every night I lie and pray making a conversation, this is how I should proceed; it is not any different except I sit before Him. What seems like many hours later, we have passed through all of our discussion. I am astounded with all that I have heard. The one remark He made sticks in my head: "You always believed, never doubted, and now are rewarded."

We talk about her; this brings excitement to me. As quickly as He leaves, she is here, sitting next to me. It is us, finally. One look and I know that this is where I belong - with her. I begin to recount the last thirty years to her. She stops me to tell me that she already knows everything I will say. She was there, each day, watching, waiting, comforting, guiding, and guarding me. We hug and I am overcome with tranquility. He enters, she will be back later she says, and from now on it will be us again. There are never goodbyes.

We leave and begin walking. I don't know where to, but I never have to wonder anymore. I am finally here, walking down these Streets of Gold, with Him.

***** Walter Casper IV**